THE CHARACTER OF A SNEAKER.

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THE
CLERK ACTER
SNUFFKER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE Character OF A SNEAKER, &c.

A Sneaker is *Something* ſo very like *Nothing*, that it requires a Metaphyſical Brain to define him. He's a mere *Reptile*, that ſhould have had the Serpent for his Father, by his *Creeping upon his Belly*, and Eve for his Mother by his *Readineſs to Comply with Temptations*. He was Born with a *Tongue*, but his *Eye-ſight* took away the Uſe of it; for he no ſooner ſaw the *Golden Apple* of Preferment, but he laid Hold of it and was *Silent*.

He might be a *Camælion* for his *Different Appearances*, but he knows not how to *live upon Air*. He's a mere *Weathercock*, tho' not a *High-Church-Man*, and always Faces-about, and *Turns his Backſide* upon every *Wind* but what Blows from the *Court*. He is for ſending over for the *P. of Wales, and Breeding him up in the Doctrines of the Church of England* one Seſſion of Parliament, and for letting in *John Calvin* into St. *Stephen*'s Chappel another; He is for ſaying *K. W.* made a *Felonious Treaty in the laſt Reign*, but is for

for a more Dangerous Agreement in this, ſince the *Partition* only Affected us in our Concerns *Abroad*, but a *Comprehenſion* would Ruine us at *Home*. In ſhort, he's good for *Nothing*, for *H non eſt Littera*, is a ſtanding Rule in *Proſodia*.

He was *Poet-Laureat* to *Monſieur Pouſſin*, and lodg'd in the ſame Houſe with him, when he *Sneak'd* out from his Company the laſt Time they met together at the *Blew-Poſts*; but now his St. *Maws Muſe* has given the *French* Troops the *Corniſh* Hug, and flung them all upon their Backs, as may be ſeen in his *Excellent Metre*, inſcrib'd to the Duke of *Marlborough*, as is inſerted in that *Valuable Paper*, call'd the *Diverting Poſt*.

He has been a M———r of P———t for one of our Univerſities, yet ſhrinks back from the Defence of the Doctrines of that Church which is acknowledg'd by his Electors for the only True One. He's a Man of Great Reach and Ability's in diſtinguiſhing *Metals*, and if he did but know the Difference of the *Mizzen Maſt* from the *Main*, as well as that of a *Louis d'Ore* from a *Guinea*, he might make an admirable C———r of the Navy.

He's a Gentleman that has *Slept* away the Remembrance of what recommended him to be K—— of the Shire for—— and *Dream't* himſelf into a Place in the Ex———; which has dazled his Eyes ſo, and confounded his Underſtanding, that he ſits down as if at his Journeys End, with a *Penſion* of *Fifteen Hundred Pounds per Annum*, and thinks he has done enough for his Country, who ſent him up to Town to do *Their* Buſines, not his *Own*, in making Proviſion for *Himſelf*.

He's one that was to Play the *Devil* with the **Obſervator** for Writing *againſt* the *Church* before his *Tryal*, but had not a word to ſay for it after, ſome body had liv'd ſo Merrily as to *forget the Day of the Month* on which he was found Guilty. His Hand is always Open, tho' his Mouth's Shut. *His Heart is as good as any Man's in* England *for the Church Eſtabliſh'd, but Charity begins at Home, and let the National Religion ſink or ſwim, as long as One is taken care of.*

He's againſt *Tacking* the **Occaſional Conformiſt's** Bill to the *Land-Tax*, not for the Sake of his *Country*, but *Himſelf*. He's *Tack'd* to an Office which he's loath to be *Disjoyn'd* from, and for

that

that Cauſe hinders the other's *Conjunction*. He's Cap in Hand to his *Electors* before they Return him for their *Member*; but when once got upon their Shoulders, *He'll Ride them to ſome Purpoſe*. It matters not what *Inſtructions* they give him; *Great Men* are allow'd to have *Treacherous Memories*, and he'll not part with that *Title to Greatneſs*.

He's an *Ariſtotelian*, though he loves the *Mammon of Unrighteouſneſs* too much to be a *Philoſopher*, and his *Actions* are ſufficient *Arguments* to ſhew that the *Corruption of one Thing is the Generation of another*. He makes appear that the *Defection* of a *Good Man* to a *Bad Party*, is the *Acceſſion* of an *Ill one*; and if he did not know himſelf to have made a Wrong and Unjuſtifiable Choice, he would never be *Aſham'd* of declaring his Mind in favour of it, which ſhews *Modeſty* has not forſaken him, tho' *Honeſty* ſeems to have bidden him Adieu.

Tho' he is not Qualify'd to be one of his Grace of *Canterbury*'s *Chaplains*, becauſe he is not a Church-Man good enough, he may ſerve for one of his *Water-Men*, for *to Look one Way and Row another* is their Buſineſs. He was put into a Poſt under Pretence of being a *Church-Man*, but imagines the Ready way to keep in it, is not to be againſt the *Diſſenters*; for *Some body* has ſaid, *They are too Great a Body to be Diſoblig'd*, and he knows he ſtands but upon Slippery Ground while he gives not Implicite Obedience to *Some Body*'s Orders.

He's one that has been Deputed by the People to make *New Laws*, and thinks it of no Conſequence what becomes of the *Old*. He's of a Modern Cut, and the very Reaſon that ſhould be of Force with him to Stand-up for the *Church*, Slackens his Reſolutions to Defend her. She has been a Church from the *Beginning*, and King *Solomon*'s *Meaſures* is too *Antiquated*, and out of Date for a *Courtier*'s Embraces.

He's a pretended Stickler for the Queen's Authority, juſt ſo long as he Receives the Queen's Money, while to ſhew, how Undeſerving he is of her Royal Favour, he Confederates himſelf, for the Downfall of the Queen's Religion. He's an *Engliſhman*, with a *Scotch* Heart, an *Iriſh* Pair of Heels, and a *Spaniſh* Countenance. His Policy conſiſts in a *Demure Look*, his Courage in

Withdraw.

Withdrawing himself when there is an Occasion; his *Constancy* is *Variation*, and his Honesty is what you think fit to call it, for I know not where to find it.

He's for a single Ministry, that he may play the *Tom Double* under it, and had rather the Management of Affairs should be in *one Gneat Lord's or Court Lady's Hands*, than in *Several*; because the *Fewer* the *Super-Intendents*, the *More* may be the *Miscarriages* of those that are Subordinate to them, without being Discern'd. Not that he is of this Temper for any other Account, since notwithstanding his pretended Affections for Her Majesty's Person and Goverment, he leans more towards a *Commonwealth* than a *Monarchy*, and had rather the *Executive Power* was to be Entrusted with a *Committee of Safety*, and he to be the *Obediah* of the *Party*, than to be Lodg'd where it is.

He was for *Resuming of Grants* the last Reign, for Fear there would be *None* left to be given away in *This*, and always for having *Commissioners to State the Publick Accompts*, till by getting into a Post himself, he was render'd Obnoxious to their Censures. He's against flinging out of the House all Members of Parliament possess'd of Offices Erected since the Year 84, because a *Sneaker* was out of *Employ* at that time of the Day; and under-hand makes an Interest against the *Occasional Bill*, because he is a Sort of an Occasionalist himself.

He goes to *Church* because the *Queen* does, and is Ready to give his *Vote* for as *Many Millions* as shall be desir'd, because he knows how to make *Double the Account* his Quota comes to out of *Them*. He's a *State Hermophradite*, an *Ambidexter*: *Jacob T----n* with his *Two Left-Legs* makes not such an Awkward Figure as he does. He's like the Satyr in the *Fable*, that blows *Hot* and *Cold* with the same, and never does any thing Praise-worthy, but when he Blushes for Shame of his Playing at *Hide and Seek* with his old Principles, at the Sight of an Old ———

Dr. *D'——— nt* is a *Saint* to him, and play'd the *Man*, for he no sooner Chang'd sides, but his *Peace Abroad and War at Home* told the World so. But he plays the *Child's Part*, and because he shuts his *own Eyes*, thinks no Creature in the World sees him. The *One* cares not who knows what *he is*, and *the Other* would

be

be taken for what he *is not*. Of the two *Sinners* the *First* is the more Commendable, for that Devil can leſs do Miſchief that appears in his own Shape, than the Form of an *Angel* of *Light*.

He never looks upon Her Majeſty's Arms, but *Semper Eadem* gives him the Gripes, for he knows he had not been what *he is*, had he Continued what *he was*. He's *Regis ad Exemplum* only in his *Cloaths*, not in his *Principles*, and pays a Greater Deference to Her Majeſty's way of *Dreſs* than her *Worſhip*. He's a *Figure of Nought or Cypher*, that is of Uſe only when you come to *Tell Noſes*; and rather *Weakens* than *Strengthens* a Party; but when the *Yea's* and *No's*, ſet the Clerks in Parliament at Work, and make 'em fall to *Numeration*.

He's the very *Reverſe* of One of the Members of the *Rump Parliament*, even while he *ſides* with them that Juſtify their *Proceedings*. They ſet aſide the *Houſe of Lords* as Uſeleſs; He's for puling down the Authority of the *Houſe of Commons*, even while he has the Honour to Sit in it, and making a Surrendry of their Rights in *One Point*, that he may be taken for a Man of Peaceable Diſpoſitions in all *Other*. *Moderation* is his *Pretence*, but getting of Money *Immoderately* is his *Practice*; and *Unde habeat Quærat nemo ſed oppertet habere*, is a Lecture that takes up his whole Conſideration.

He forwards the *Diſpatch* of the *Publick Buſineſs*, that he may be the ſooner a Fingring the *Publick Funds*; and having *Rail'd* himſelf into an *into* an *Office*, is under Dreadful Apprehenſions of being *Rail'd* out of it again. To Conclude, He's neither *Fiſh*, *Fleſh*, nor *Good Red Herring*; He's the *Punctum Saliens* of all Parties, yet never *Serviceable* to any. He's is always in *Motion*, yet might as well *ſit ſtill* for the *Good* he does in being ſo, and if any *City*, *Town*, or *County* wants ſuch a *Repreſentative* for the *Enſuing Parliament*, he'll give as Luſty *Promiſes* as the Beſt ſhall, and is Ready to be *Return'd* to the Clerk of the Crown, when his *Electors* ſhall think fit; if not, let them look out for one that will come up to *His Word*, and *their Expectations*, for I ſhall not pretend to direct them, when they have ſuch an Ample Field to Chooſe in. For I am an Enemy to *Black Liſts*, and am for leaving the *People* of *England* to the *Freedom* of *Elections*.

FINIS.

These Pamphlets are lately Publiſh'd, and Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, *viz.*

A Letter from a Commoner of *England* to a Member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons, Concerning the Lords late Addreſs to Her Majeſty, Relating to the Navy, *&c.*

The *Tackers* Vindicated; or an Anſwer to the *Whigs New Black-Liſt*, which has been diſpers'd abroad ſince the Riſing of Both Houſes of *Parliament*, to Miſ-repreſent ſuch Members as have ſhewn Themſelves Worthy Patriots in Defence of the *Church* Eſtabliſh'd; in order to render 'em Suſpected to the *People* of *England* at the Enſuing *Elections*. With a Word to Mr. *John Tutchin*, about his *Scandalous Ballad*, that goes to the Tune of *One Hundred Thirty Four*.

The *French* Wanderer; or, the Straggler from Mareſchal *Tallard*. Detain'd by the City Mermidons. Taken from the Original.

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